

THE WINDS THAT WRAFT MY SIGHS TO THEE

BALLAD,

—x+x+x+x+x+x+x—

WORDS BY H. W. CHALLIS.

MUSIC BY W. V. WALLACE.

ANDANTINO CON MOTO.

The winds that waft my sighs to thee. And

o'er thy tresses steal: Oh, let them tell a

take for me, My lips dare not re-veal! And

as they mur-mur soft and clear. The love I would im-

part: Be-lieve the whis-pers thou dost hear. Are

breath-ings of my heart, Be-lieve the whis-pers

Full on path.

thou dost bear. Are breathings of my heart.

p *pp* *fade away*

Disson *p*

Transcendence

Yet, if perchance their mission fail Thy

p

cold - - -ness to re - - move, And night - - winds with their

plaintive wail..... Bring back..... my proffer'd love! Then

think..... where'er thou look'st on high..... And see'st..... the light de-

-part..... Those clouds, storm-driven o'er the sky..... Are

sha . . dows of my heart, Those clouds, storm-driven

pp *Andante* *mf*

2100

7

o'er the sky, Are shadows of my heart,

p *pp* *molto cresc.* *p* *Con Gracia,*

Those clouds o'er the sky, Are

molto cresc. *f* *dim.*

shadows of my heart.

mf *p* *mf* *dim.*

p *dim.* *molto cresc.*

8700

Chapman